Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

Vol. XIV. No. 11. NEW YORK, N. Y., JULY, 1903. Whole No. 373.

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

If, at the time of the assassination of McKinley, justice required the arrest and imprisonment of John Most because, by the simplest of coincidences, he had republished, immediately before that event, Karl Heinzen's defence of regicide, then all the more at the present moment justice requires the arrest and imprisonment of the Delaware parson who preached a sermon distinctly advising the lynching of a negro, which advice was acted upon shortly thereafter. But, as governments are neither just on the one hand, or consistent in their injustice on the other, this "incendiary" Delaware parson will not be molested.

Hatred of all who espoused the cause of the Haymarket victims still persists. The defeat of Captain Black, their courageous counsel, at the recent judicial election in Illinois, when almost every other Democratic candidate was handsomely elected, shows this emphatically. Among the successful, however, was Edward Osgood Brown, by whose election to a judgeship of the circuit court liberty has gained even more than it lost by Captain Black's defeat. Although a Single Taxer, and despite his incomprehensible profession of Roman Catholicism, Mr. Brown, in almost everything else, is a brave and intelligent libertarian, and in the west should serve the cause of justice as effectively as Judge Gaynor is serving it in the east.

According to that remarkable jurist, William Travers Jerome, the constitutional privileges (as he calls them) granted for the protection of the innocent should now be considered as dead letters on the ground that the motive which inspired them—that of danger to the innocent—no longer exists; and he is very angry with Judge Gaynor for insisting that there is greater need than ever for laying stress upon them. Jerome's theory is that in the old days, because of the rigor with which the guilty were hunted down, the innocent too were often punished, and that, to counteract this, it became necessary to establish the legal maxim that it is better that ninety-nine guilty men should escape than that one innocent man should be punished. Now, this better state of things having been secured (at least Jerome's statement implies that it has been secured), he wants to abandon the improvement, and go back to the time when it was thought better that ninety-nine innocent men should be punished than that one guilty man should escape. Remarkable man, Jerome! His logic is like that of Cleveland, who, in discussing the negro question recently, declared in effect that, having accomplished the glorious work of abolishing slavery, we ought now to re-institute the old *régime* in a new form.

"What we need in this country above anything else is respect for law." This is now the refrain of the chorus of preachers, moralists, plutocrats, and editors. The need is for laws that will inspire respect. Senseless or iniquitous laws may command the respect of fools, but intelligent men have no superstitious reverence for the product of incapacity and dishonesty. As for the plutocratic pleaders for law and order, they might begin the reform they are urging. Who has more contempt for law than the American plutocrat? Why does Wall Street dislike Roosevelt? Not because he is boyish, immature, half-civilized, and shallow; not because he glorifies war, brute force, animal courage, and the instincts of savagery; not because he is destitute of moral courage and consistency; but simply because he has *talked* about the enforcement of the anti-trust laws. Let Messieurs the plutocrats begin, and perhaps the unionists will follow their example.

My jovial and lazy friend, Lucien V. Pinney, of Winsted, Conn., gives excellent advice to Liberty's Chicago contemporary, "Lucifer," which rarely "cracks a smile." "You should have a 'fat contributor,'—one who does not take to reform with such everlasting seriousness. Admit that the world deserves to be scolded at and preached at, but know also that there are occasions when it should be laughed at; and, if the grim gladiators see nothing in the world to laugh at, let them some time take a day off and look at each other. Reform need not always wear the melancholy look of one about to have a tooth extracted; nor the lean and hungry look of Cassius; nor the wrathful attitude of a woman cleaning house; nor yet the monstrous profundity of the preacher ready to 'bust' into utterance about Christ and Him Crucified. Is there then no laughing 'child among ye taking notes?'" Pinney is absolutely right; yet, after all, Harman may know his business. Perhaps he has discovered that on this side of the Atlantic laughter is deadly only to the laugher. I haven't Pinney's wonderful capacity for laughter, but am rapidly approaching him in rotundity of paunch, and both of us seek communion with the Latin soul, wherever it may have found its incarnation. Whereas Harman, on the other hand, talks only to good Americans, and knows that no truly good American ever understood Voltaire.

In the "colonial" tariff cases our wonderful supreme court decided that the provisions of the constitution relating to duties and taxation did not go with the flag, and that, for tariff purposes, congress was absolute in new territory. We do not say, solemnly protested the court, that the same rule applies to the personal liberty clauses of the constitution; the tariff is one thing, the bill of rights is another thing. Because duties need not be uniform, it does not follow that, for example, congress may suppress free speech, establish a State religion, or inflict cruel and unusual punishments in annexed, but unincorporated, territory. And more to that effect. It now appears that the court has forgotten these distinctions and reassurances. It has just decided in a Hawaii case that the bill of rights also stays at home, not extending over new territory of its own force. So, after all, congress may, in Porto Rico and the Philippines and Alaska, establish a State religion, abolish free speech, adopt cruel punishments,—in short, do any and all of the things prohibited by the bill of rights. As Justice Harlan says, this decision—an infamous one—makes congress as omnipotent (in new territory) as the British parliament has claimed to be. The constitution, or what is left of it, is for home consumption only. Hawaiians, Porto Ricans, Filipinos, have no rights which the autocratic congress is bound to respect. We may give them a certain amount of liberty as a matter of grace and benevolence; rights they have none. And this is the republic of Jefferson and Paine! This is the government of the constitution, of the Declaration of Independence! Degenerate politicians and political judges have destroyed American liberty, and yet the people are as indifferent as they are ignorant. All they want is a full dinner-pail.

Sonnet.

I of the past salute ye who shall live,—
I who a moment hold the vital flame
Which ye shall take with all it hath to give
Of happiness to some, to some of blame,
To all a life of long fore-ordered fruit
So surely seeded by the buried dead;
I of this present, ere I too be mute,
Salute ye lovingly as my kindred,
However vile ye be; nor blame I cry,
Tho' ye be vile; but only pity's tears
For your worse lot, as from a heartless sky
Your burden fell, of sorrow-smitten years.
I bid ye know men love not [illegible]iny,
But struggle upward as they grow more free.

C. E. S. Wood.

Liberty.

Published Monthly; One Year, 60 Cents; Two Years, $1.00; Single Copies, 5 Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 114 Fifth Avenue, Room 43.
Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box 1312, New York.

NEW YORK, N. Y., JULY, 1903.

Entered December 3, 1902, at New York, N. Y., as second-class matter, under act of congress of March 3, 1879.

"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel."—PROUDHON.

☞ The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

Important Caution.

Enemies of this paper having taken advantage of its temporary suspension to establish another in the same city under the same name, all postal communications of whatever nature, if intended for the genuine Liberty, should be addressed carefully and plainly to P. O. Box 1312, New York City, all non-postal deliveries should be made at 114 Fifth Avenue, Room 43, and all checks, drafts, and money orders should be drawn to the order of Benj. R. Tucker.

Passive Resistance To-day.

It is understood that we expect, some happy day, to overthrow government by passive resistance. The expectation is not an unreasonable one; whenever it becomes known that a large part of the people are Anarchists, one can hardly imagine that there should fail to be a great deal of quiet defiance of law, or that this should fail to be very effective. And certainly one cannot conceive of a more appropriate and desirable method for annulling the power of government. Prophecies of how the end will come are decidedly unauthoritative; but, if one wants to prophesy, this is as good a forecast as any.

A much more practical question just now is: What share can passive resistance have in our present agitation? It has no great share at present. Of course we are violating the laws which everybody violates. The Pennsylvania comrades are busily disregarding the law which in that State forbids the sale of bread by the loaf, and I am daily breaking that United States statute which requires every man of militia age to have either a flint-lock musket with two extra flints, or a rifle with plenty of percussion-caps. But there is no propaganda in that. Of what I may call aggressive disobedience there is no considerable quantity except in the matter of the Comstock law.

This is not altogether unreasonable. Resisting any law which the authorities mean to enforce involves sacrificing some years out of a comrade's life; and we need all our comrades—particularly the courageous and devoted ones—for work in the open. It is not only the years spent in jail that are sacrificed; a young comrade has his place in the world to make, to get the ground on which he is to stand for the work of his life; and a term in jail must seriously throw him back, and that in his best years. Besides, the odds are that, if a young or middle-aged comrade gets into jail, he is sacrificing not only himself, but some other person who reasonably looks to him for comfort or support, and who may not be willing to lose anything for the cause. In many a case one would not think it honorable to run away from such obligations into jail. These are serious objections to playing Ajax with the government's thunderbolts.

Part of the objections, indeed, do not apply so strongly to the old. White-haired Abner J. Pope, jailed for carrying the "Firebrand" to the post-office, did a good thing when he refused to sign a bail-bond and go. The story of how the officials tried to hush the thing up by letting him out on his own recognizance; how he forced them to try him, by his steady unwillingness to sign any paper that involved a recognition of the State's right to try him; how he wanted a day's visit with Emma Goldman when she came to town; how he made a personal arrangement with the good-hearted sheriff to let him out one day on parole for the sake of the visit, and how he came back to his cell (his only home just then) at night,—is not only amusing, but useful. It must help to rob the jail of its terrors for all good people. But other considerations, such as health, would often weigh especially against an old person's facing jail.

It seems to me hopeless to think of putting passive resistance in the front of our programme while we are so few. When the cases are so rare as to be practically isolated, they lose much of their impressiveness. When the law has the backing of public opinion, a single person suffering for his transgression will appear merely as a criminal getting his dues. Where many are already prepared to hail the sufferer as a martyr, it may be different. When William Carter, of Ansonia, just now went to jail two years rather than pay a war tax of two dollars, he probably knew that one of our most respectable religious denominations commands all its members to go to jail rather than pay any war tax; for anything I know, he may be a Quaker himself. At any rate he knew that a large body of American opinion would approve the unbending refusal to help a war. He could not have had the same hope, if he had been refusing to pay a tax for some bit of public ostentation.

Besides, one doesn't want to break all the laws one can. As Thoreau said about paying his road tax, we want to be good neighbors as much as we want to be bad citizens. To go spitting on the floor simply because the government has lately taken to prohibiting that recreation would be to dignify the government by altogether too much attention. Put together the laws that one prefers not to break, the laws that one has no convenient opportunity to break, and the laws that one dares not break because the penalty would be certain and the propagandist effect slight, and we find that a very large part of the statute-book secures our obedience.

Yet there remains a field for passive resistance to-day.

First, there are the laws that are observed after a fashion, but yet so often violated that we are part of a strong corps of resistants. There are millions of tax-dodgers in America; we also dodge. It is a matter of course that no good Anarchist will pay any tax—tariff, local, or whatever it may be—if he can avoid it without using degrading methods and without spending much more than the tax. We are lost among so large a throng that the danger of persecution is slight; yet that throng is materially strengthened, and this branch of contempt for law materially forwarded, by the presence of even a few who practise tax-dodging as an intelligent and public-spirited policy.*

Likewise there are the laws about the relations of sexes. Neighborhoods differ, of course; but, even where the nominal penalties are severe enough, there are plenty of places where the only practical penalty for illegal mating is that of public opinion. In such a case I should naturally think it a matter of course that no Anarchist would go through a form of compliance with law, unless he was determined to mate with a certain person who would not consent to any but conservatively respectable relations. The Quakers, who so long insisted on using their own form of marriage in days when it had no legal validity, give us a first-class precedent. I understand, however, that in such cases it is common to get married for mere respectability's sake. As to that, all I have to say is that slavery to public opinion and respectability is a self-imposed slavery,—for it cannot bind me till I submit, and no one but myself can ever deliver me from it,—and that, if one admits it at all, it is going to bind here, there, and everywhere, all over one's life, in very crippling fashion. I think it cheaper to break with the motive of respectability once for all, and I would preach to all these respectablist Anarchists from Jeremiah 12.5. But this concerns my present topic only as this motive prevents some of us from following out the useful policy of practicable disregard for the government. If one must bow in one way or another; if one wishes a joint home with children, but the alternative must be either marriage or a relationship with separate homes and no children,—I should say marry; it is another case where one should not pay the State the compliment of letting his life be steered by the repulsion of its laws.

Another great field for passive resistance is that of free speech. I have said that the only point at which we are doing much in this way is the Comstock law. It is worth remembering that free speech is the classic ground of passive resistance. This is a liberty which, so far as it has existed, has been gained and held by this method. The only good use to which the Comstock law can be put is that every honest man should violate it as much as he dares, in whatever way his notions of good taste will approve, till we wear it out sooner or later; and this is the only way to wear it out. So too with the

* Akin to tax-dodging is Sabbath-breaking. Naturally enough, my Christian friend Byington makes no reference to Sunday laws, these being among the laws which he prefers not to break. But Anarchists in general break them with much pleasure, little difficulty, and excellent effect.—EDITOR.

laws recently enacted against Anarchist literature. If there are now States, as I am credibly informed, where it is a crime to circulate anything that teaches Anarchism, I should like to give help to any movement that comrades on the ground may start for defying that law. If the law is not enforced, break it so extensively and conspicuously that the populace will see the point. If it is enforced against a paper like Liberty, circulate an appropriate reprint from the Bible or Declaration of Independence, with illustrative notes on modern parallels. If it is enforced against these, circulate a patriotic screed glorifying G. Washington for his resistance to the wicked acts of King George, which were as bad as if a government of today *should* do thus and so. There can always be a way found to dodge a censorship and make it ridiculous; and, if the censorship is a lively one, the public can be made to take an interest in the game of dodging.

And in the matter like this of free speech, so vital in importance, and a point where passive resistance has been proved by experience to be especially appropriate and effective, we must fight so hard as to lose some men. We are doing it; still we must. After all, as Horace Bushnell said in his address on the dead of the Civil War, the battle is not won by the powder that is brought safe home, but by the burned powder. It would be somewhat utopian to expect to conquer without loss. It is in passive resistance as in battle: heroism may be spectacular to an outsider, but its probable practical significance to the hero is an aftermath of slow prosaic torment; yet nothing but heroism will win.

One other point. I should think that a period of hard times might give a chance for special work. When so many are out of work; when all eyes in the nation are turned toward the providing of opportunities for work,—why should not a considerable number of persons unite in a plan for persistently defying, on a scale large enough to attract attention, some peculiarly absurd restriction on industry,—say, the prohibitory tax on letter-carrying? The company need not consist wholly of Anarchists. Single-taxers ought to help, in strict loyalty to their theory, and I hope a few of them would help. In such a time there would be plenty of unemployed men ready to work for anything that would give cash wages for a few days and then assured board in jail, and they would not object to the fact that the scheme was rebellious. This element would not, in general, be stanch, but I think they could be utilized. If such a company was able to furnish five or even three men per day, who would go to work at the regular time and place knowing that their predecessors were arrested yesterday and that they would be arrested to-day, and if it could keep this up for fifteen or even ten days, the affair would be discussed (in hard times) by every paper in America that deals with current topics, and it would make opinion faster, I should think, than anything else that the same number of men could possibly do. Think it over; and, if it is sense, lay your plans for the hard times of 1914.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

Are Protectionists Idiots?

It must be admitted that some American protectionists are intelligent enough to perceive that Chamberlain's customs-union proposals are outrageous and absurd, even from the viewpoint of "American" protectionism. These say that a country which imports eighty per cent. or more of its food stuffs and a great deal of the raw material of its manufactured exports cannot benefit itself by putting taxes on these imports. They admit, of course, that, if Great Britain and her colonies were economically sufficient unto themselves, or at least as sufficient as are the United States, Chamberlain's zollverein scheme would be sound from the protectionist premises. Their criticisms are founded on the assumption that Great Britain will always depend on foreign countries for food and raw material, and, the fallacy that the foreigner pays tariff taxes having long since been abandoned, they think it stupid and wrong to compel the masses to pay more for bread, meat, etc., in the interest of landlords and some manufacturers.

While protection is a fraud under any circumstances (except, possibly, as a measure of defence against external foes who have it in their power to reduce a country to starvation), it is not, logically speaking, impossible to maintain the position that Great Britain's peculiar conditions render protection peculiarly injurious, wasteful, and dangerous to her.

The question as to whether protectionists are idiots is suggested by the exclamations and delight of those who characterize Chamberlain's proposals as a "vindication" of American policy, as a tribute or compliment to American statesmanship. Senators, representatives, "leaders" of the Republican party, hail the Chamberlain propaganda as a boon to the United States. The New York "Tribune" submits figures purporting to show that our exports to protectionist Europe have increased, while those to free-trade England have decreased, and the inference is that a revival of protection in the latter country cannot harm us and *may* benefit us. Have these protectionists any reasoning power, any sense, any rudiment of a logical faculty?

What is the chief argument for "American" protection? The platforms, the speeches, of the present day (the old notions being discarded and forgotten) answer the question. The American rate of wages is higher than that of any other country, and therefore (?) the cost of production is greater. Were trade free, our manufacturers would be undersold and ruined by the cheaper labor of our competitors. "Scientific" protection equalizes the otherwise unequal conditions, and saves our standard of living.

This is the case in a nutshell. Its fallacies need not be pointed out here. Accept the whole argument, and proceed. If we need protection because of our higher wages and higher standard of living, it follows that a country with lower wages and a lower standard needs no protection against our competition. How, then, can an American protectionist justify Chamberlain's proposal to put duties on our exports to Great Britain? If the higher class requires protection against the lower, the lower does *not* require it against the higher, but only against those still lower in the scale. Our legislators and rulers are evidently incapable of drawing this simple inference. Still —what should we do without their "wisdom" as expressed in laws, policies, and judicial decisions?

Again, take the "Tribune's" remarkable argument. We have lost ground in the British markets, and gained in protectionist markets. Britain is free-trade; ergo, the cause of the loss, or of the relative decline, is this free trade. We should therefore be thankful to Chamberlain for proposing to tax our exports to his "empire." But, if foreign protection helps our trade, *our* protection helps theirs, and, instead of discouraging imports, we have all these years been stimulating them! Our McKinley and Dingley tariffs have favored the foreigner, instead of discriminating against him!

And will the "Tribune" tell us why it is so important that the door in China and other neutral markets should be open, if protection against us does us no harm? If we ought to rejoice in Chamberlain's policy for the British empire, ought we not to rejoice likewise in Russia's exclusive-privilege policy in Manchuria and Mongolia?

These are a few of the questions suggested by the comments of our protectionists on the zollverein and imperial federation scheme. As the spontaneity and *naïveté* of these utterances exclude the hypothesis of hypocrisy, we may well ask whether the average protectionist is not a brainless fool.

S. R.

Cranky Notions.

My genial friend Schilling, of Chicago, has never fully given up his bent towards the single tax,* it seems, and "Free Society" reports him as advocating the George tax system as the next step in social progress, on the ground that the people would not now adopt either State Socialism or Anarchism, because "they both propose to eliminate private property and the family." Now, this is important, if true. For a long time I have been an advocate of Anarchism, as I thought, but I can say with assurance that I never advised the elimination of private property or the family. I have a family of my own, one which is dearer to me than all the world besides, and I surely never had the desire to eliminate it. And I never understood that Anarchism insisted that I should. Neither did I understand that Anarchism intended to abolish private property. Indeed, my view of the situation was, and is now, that Anarchism would put me in a position to make me and my family happier by the application of the doctrine of equal rights—that private property would be held more sacred by Anarchists than by

* A queer way of putting it. Schilling, after having been for years an advocate of Anarchism, definitively abandoned it for the single tax. The change occurred while he was at the head of the Illinois department of labor statistics. Though no one has the least right to question the sincerity of the conversion, it is impossible to deny that it occurred at an opportune moment for Schilling. Between the impossibility of recommending Anarchism in a State document and the unwillingness of an honest man to do violence to his convictions, he would have found himself in an awkward predicament, had not the timely change of heart furnished a happy solution.—EDITOR.

Archists, and that I and my wife and children would be able to enjoy more material comforts as the result of our own efforts. If I have been mistaken about this, it is time the truth made itself known to me that I may no longer ignorantly sail under false colors.

***

I don't know that it is true that the people are not as ready now to accept either Anarchism or State Socialism as they are to adopt the single tax. We usually judge things by our own experience. Mine led me first into trades unionism, then Greenbackism, next into State Socialism, and finally into what I supposed was Anarchism. To me anarchy is purely a negative philosophy—*laisser faire,* let alone, freedom, liberty, non-invasion, non-aggression, and so on. It never occurred to me that its intention was either to build up or destroy the family, to deny the right to private property—the products of one's own efforts. Nowhere has it impressed me with the idea that property must be held collectively. It permits non-invasive persons to do as they like as to that,—keep their own or put it into a common fund.

***

There seems to be a widespread notion that Anarchism is for some far-away time, when we of the now are all dead and forgotten. This view has also seemed to me groundless. There is no day of my life that I do not see Anarchism growing and practised by live, sane, and sentient human beings. Anything that lessens the authority of one or more persons over another or other persons I call Anarchistic. Every ordinance introduced into a common council, every bill presented to a State legislature, every law submitted to congress, is either Archistic or Anarchistic. Every act of every individual that affects his fellows is either Archistic or Anarchistic. This is true, it seems to me, because they either make for freedom or compulsion. Anything that reduces the power of one over the other is a step towards the Anarchist ideal. Everything that strengthens and increases the power of an external will over the individual tends to the destruction of personal sovereignty, and is Archistic. That the completed ideal is far away no one doubts; but the "public" mind, I imagine, has no ideal consistently thought out and hoped for.

I wonder if I'm right about all this. If so, genial George must be wrong.

JOSEPH A. LABADIE.

The comparative placidity with which the recent Servian assassinations are viewed by the editors and other publicists who invariably froth at the mouth after assassination of rulers by men who call themselves Anarchists is easily to be accounted for. The theory of these publicists may be stated as follows: if you wish to be king yourself, or wish some friend of yours to be king, it is not a very grave offence to kill the king that you have, but, if you do not wish to be king yourself, and do not wish to make anybody else king, then it is the most atrocious of all crimes to kill the king that you have. This theory was advanced, in terms a little less bald, by Whitelaw Reid himself, in an address delivered at the Yale Law School anniversary on June 22, as a basis for changing the long-settled policy of the most advanced nations,—the policy of refusing extradition for political offences. Said Reid: "Our government sprang from a revolution, and naturally cannot hold revolt against unjust rule a crime. But, since we began this exemption, enormous changes in the conditions affecting many revolts against established authority have occurred, without leading to any corresponding change in our policy. The movement from which many recent political offences spring is one not against an oppressive authority in favor of a more just one, but against any authority." Now, the logic of this position is that any nation within whose borders a political offender seeks asylum shall, upon a demand for extradition, constitute itself a court to sit in judgment upon the question whether the offence was committed in furtherance of justice,—that is, whether the offender's act, if successfully executed, would substitute a more just condition for one less just. But the man who kills a king for the purpose of overthrowing all government whatsoever does so precisely because he conceives absence of government to be more conducive to justice than any other political status. Then, of two things one: either extradition of the *palace* revolutionist must be granted by the nation in which he seeks asylum, if that nation decides the rule of the reigning dynasty to be more just than would be the rule of the aspiring dynasty, or else extradition of the *social* revolutionist must be refused absolutely, regardless of the justice or injustice of his cause. If Reid rejects the latter horn of this dilemma, he is bound, in logic, to impale himself upon the former, which would be almost as little to his liking; for capitalists of Reid's ilk thrive on dynasties, and do not like to be compelled to choose between them, preferring to be always in a position where they can readily shift their allegiance from the dynasty that has fallen to the dynasty that has risen. In other words, they care nothing for justice, and everything for the privileges granted by power. And that is why they froth when men seek to abolish power, but look on with comparative indifference when men aspire to power.

Lord Kelvin, the great physicist, has stirred up a number of biologists and other scientists by a remarkable confession or *profession de foi.* Science, he said at a public meeting, positively affirmed creative power and was compelled to accept as an article of faith the existence of a creating and directing power. Was there, he asked, anything so absurd as to believe that a number of atoms, by falling together of their accord, could make a microbe, a living animal? Until he reaches life, Lord Kelvin finds no need for creating and directive agency; but life he cannot explain on the theory of a mechanical universe. These statements show how superficial, illogical, and childish even a great scientist can be. What does Lord Kelvin know of the nature of life? To say that everything except life can be explained without design is to imply that you know exactly where life begins in nature and what it is. No such knowledge exists. And how absurd it is to say that science can "explain" inorganic nature—matter, the atom, and its infinite combinations! And how absurd it is to imagine that he who says creative and directive power really says anything! The simple-minded religionist who thinks of his god as a gigantic man, with monstrous legs, hands, etc., is not half so silly as the scientist who talks about "vital principle" and "creative power." The former's anthropomorphic explanation is at least crudely inductive. He associates purpose, intelligence, with personality, and personality with body. The scientist's design argument consists of words that correspond to no ideas whatever.

Whitelaw Reid, attempting to distinguish between the political offences of today and those of a century ago in that the latter aimed to substitute a new rule for an old while the former aim to destroy rule, cites among his proofs the three assassinations of American presidents. Now, only one of the three—the assassination of McKinley—serves in the least to sustain his contention. The two others are absolutely against it. Lincoln was killed by a Southern sympathizer who preferred the rule of Jefferson Davis to that of Abraham Lincoln, and Garfield was killed by a member of Reid's own party, who preferred the rule of Roscoe Conkling to that of James A. Garfield.

Octave Mirbeau is at work on a novel of magnitude, in which more than two hundred characters will figure.

The Thieves Who Govern Us.

Henry Loomis Nelson is an admirer of Roosevelt. He recently wrote a fulsome eulogy of his idol for the "Atlantic Monthly." He furnishes a daily diatribe for the Boston "Herald," in which he succeeds in boxing the political compass with extraordinary agility. But, when he has fairly exhausted his customary topics, he occasionally opens his mind, and treats his readers to an inside view of government. Because he knows whereof he writes, Liberty makes the following excerpts from his letter in the "Herald" of June 22:

The post-office department has long been the most prolific nest of scandals of all the departments of the government. What has happened recently is a revelation to the public of conditions that are accepted as matters of course by those who are familiar with the workings of government. There is a variety of reasons for the existence of corruption in this department, but, in the ultimate terms, we may reduce them to two. These are the general corruption of politics, and the close connection between the politicians inside, who have contracts to give, and the business men outside, who hope to get the contracts..... Post-office scandals and customs scandals began with the government, and, just at present, the post-office scandals seem to have strengthened with its age. The star route scandals were brought to light in Mr. Garfield's time by Postmaster-General James, and they were vigorously prosecuted, for a time, under Mr. Arthur. There were Democrats connected with them, probably, in some subordinate capacity, but primarily the guilt of corruption was upon Republicans. The story of fraud was nauseating and shameful, and, as it was told, it affected high Republican officials and leaders. No serious harm came to many of them. Those who were on the verge were shoved over into ruin. Those who were thriftless lost what they had made. Those who had had time, as well as opportunity,—or some of them, at least,—kept in the swim.

The government had been robbed of millions. The proof of dishonesty was overwhelming. Juries, however, permitted the accused to go scot free, and, in the end, the government was out of pocket and good-fellowship prevailed. Accused men lived in rich retirement, or came to the senate, or even became cabinet officers. The country lost sight of the crime, and forgot both it and the criminals.

Now we have postal scandals all over again. We knew that loose business methods prevailed. We have recently been shown by a high officer of the department that the government loses money in every branch of the postal business in which it has to deal with private business.

In the simple business of carrying letters,—its original, and for a time its only, employment,—it makes money. When it comes to the rest of its operations, it loses, and, we may add, its servants are corrupt. It carries newspapers, for instance, to all places in the county of their publication for nothing. This is unbusinesslike, and it is corrupt. The pretence is that the papers are carried for the purpose of "disseminating information." As a matter of fact, the practice was established for the purpose of currying favor with the voters.....

The government buys nothing for its service that it is not bled. Its whole experiment in government control of business enterprise in the post-office department has been a failure.

The reason is that the government is not only at the mercy of dishonest men, but the attitude of the country toward men in public places is dishonest, and the point of view of even the so-called best of politicians is perverted..... Mr. Roosevelt is a good man, but he has a perverted party view. He would not rid the government, for example, of men whom he knew to be criminals. He overlooked faults for partisan reasons. He appointed Henry G. Payne as postmaster-general, and every one who knows Payne and his antecedents knows that he is not fit to be put in a position of great public trust,—not fit intellectually nor by breeding. He is useful politically, however,—useful to men who need votes in convention and out of convention. And one of the fundamental sins of our modern politicians is that they are quite ready to overlook the bad character of a man, if he is useful to the party.

The next step is to excuse wrong-doing because the wrong-doer is a "good fellow." We have seen illustrations of this vice in Mr. Payne during these recent exposures. And yet we have also seen one of the meanest of traits, a trait which is not at all incompatible with this sublimation of good-fellowship. Mr. Payne has not hesitated to throw all the burden of the disgrace in his department upon the memory of Mr. McKinley, while at the same time assuring the public that his employee who tried to divert a bid to a company in which his son was interested was, after all, a sinner for the good of the service.

The truth is that, so far, the reform of the civil service has not changed the heads who have the opportunity for being corrupt; and, almost without exception, these are appointed for corrupt reasons. Under the present administration men are appointed to office, first, because they are Republicans, and then, if they are, on the whole, good, they must be organization men,—that is, senators' men.

Now, it is impossible, absolutely impossible, to fill any branch of the public service with Republican organization men without having corruption. Corruption is the air which they breathe. The rural free delivery system, for example, was not established in order to bring the mail to the farmer. Most farmers and their families would prefer to go to the post-office and have an outing. It was established to give jobs to some politicians, and to bring the administration's politicians nearer to the people for the sake of votes.

The Galveston was built at Richmond, Va., in order to help the Virginia Republicans. It was a corrupt thing to do, and now the James river must be dredged in order to get the ship to deep water. Party reasons, personal reasons, money reasons, are the reasons for public action, and hardly ever is the public welfare considered. There is no reason to be surprised that Representative Driggs is accused of using his public place in order to benefit the cash machine. It is no wonder that a doorkeeper of the house of representatives undertook, for money, to introduce lobbyists to members of congress who might be of assistance to them.

It is no wonder that the post-office department and all other departments, post-offices, custom houses, and every public office the incumbent of which comes in contact with the public having things to sell to the government, should be nests of corruption. It would be a wonder if they were not.

The principal holders of offices are heelers. The offices themselves are spoils. Most of the men who go into them take them as pecuniary rewards. Many in every department believe that it is their duty to make all they can out of them. The president, civil service reformer as he is, recognizes and encourages the system which makes spoils of all the higher and more responsible places. Congressmen recognize that politics is a pursuit in which to make money, and money cannot be honestly made in politics. Many of the law-givers recommend men to office whom they suspect of a desire to steal the public money.

Bribery is not confined to Rhode Island. There is not a State leader who will drive a culpable bribe-giver out of politics, if he be useful to the machine. There are many, many congressmen who will take attorney fees to pay him to watch, to advocate, and to vote for legislation

The whole political atmosphere is tainted, and, when the country finds, as it has found, that the post-office department is full of corruptionists, it has only found that the guilty men have been doing what politicians, from the top to the bottom, look upon as a matter of course,—what would be expected if every public office were exploded as Tulloch exploded the Washington post office.

Mirbeau's New Play.

Octave Mirbeau's "Chambermaid's Diary" is a book that tries the quality of every individual who reads it. By translating it into English I discovered that, among the hundreds of free spirits whom I thought I knew, I could pretty nearly count on my fingers those who are really free. The others, for the most part, were speechless with anger, and those who could find voice, not liking to confess that they had been shocked, vented their displeasure by declaring Mirbeau no artist. For this reason I take enormous delight in chronicling the fact that the author has just scored, on the stage of the first theatre in the world, one of the greatest artistic successes that the twentieth century has thus far witnessed. Such is the unanimous verdict of the foremost French critics on Mirbeau's new play, "Business is Business," produced April 20 at the Théâtre-Français. Rumor has it that America is to see it next season, and that Mirbeau will come here to superintend its production. Meantime I translate for Liberty's readers from the articles of the French critics. Charles Martel, of "L'Aurore," thus outlines the story:

Isidore Lechat, twice bankrupt, once arrested, never convicted, worth ten millions made in business, goes home every summer evening to his historic estate of Vauperdu, bought with the money of everybody. There he parades, spreads himself, and triumphs, pitiless lord of the land over which he tyrannizes, while presenting himself as a candidate of the revolutionary Socialists and anti-clericals for the approaching legislative elections. Harder upon the poor, the servants, the work-people than were the former owners of the castle, he is desirous of popularity, and scatters money among those who acclaim him. He has pretensions to fame in the realm of scientific industry, and with his young friend, Lucien Garraud, an engineer whom he loves for the science which he borrows from him, carries on astounding experiments looking toward the extinction of wheat throughout the world and the cultivation in France of the sugar-cane. Boasting of not knowing how to write, he is none the less the manager of a great newspaper. He is a madman, a blockhead, an oddity, think two intriguers, one a German, the other a Swiss, M. Phinck and M. Gruggh, whom he brings home with him one evening from Paris to talk over an enterprise proposed by them, and who imagine, from his familiar way of addressing them before he really knows their names and from the ridiculous figure which he cuts in the joy that he feels in his enormous wealth, that they will find it easy to do what they like with him. What a mistake! A cipher and a nincompoop in all things save one,—business,—in this he is a veritable genius.

The Lechat family is not at the level of its head. The boy Xavier, to be sure, is forging ahead at automobile speed, and Papa willingly pays the cost of his caprices, very proud of his "Petit Chauffeur"; but Lechat's wife loses her breath in following his triumph, and his daughter, Germaine, never tires of denouncing it. Exquisite figure,—that of Mme. Isidore Lechat. How well she exhibits the incongruity of certain beings with certain things, which they may sometimes acquire, but never possess. In her multi-millionaire splendor she still retains the distrustful economy of the lower middle class, going herself to the cellar and delaying the killing of the chicken till the arrival of the guests. Nothing more amusing than to hear her repeat in the grand setting of her royal park: "I have a very modest little dinner." Frozen by this Louis XIV display, she dreams of a little house and garden with a single faithful servant. This formidable array of domestics hinders her more than it helps her. We see here that poverty peculiar to the colossal rich, and their solitude amid a personnel ever contemptuous because the valets of all sorts who compose it are always saying to themselves that with a little more luck and a little less honesty they might have been Monsieur. When Mme. Lechat, who equals her husband at least in the fixed idea that everybody is robbing them, takes it into her head to shout "Thief!" in presence of her daughter, the latter counsels her to be silent lest people may think that she is not referring to the servants.

For Mlle. Germaine does not conceal her repugnance to her family and their fortune. She does not love her mother, who never was intelligently maternal with her, and she holds in horror her father, who seems to her loaded down with shames and crimes. She tries to make for herself a life apart, without; and, that she may not be an accomplice of her family, she accepts only the indispensable. Even more than Mme. Lechat does she hate the castle, their dwelling, for she sees it crushing the country with its sombre mass, the very symbol, as it were, of excessive fortunes made up of a quantity of little ruins. She thinks, dreams, reads, and in the neighborhood does all the good she can to the people to whom her father does evil. And there are the scenes of the gardener who, discharged because of his wife's pregnancy, comes to say good-by to his young mistress, and receives aid and consolation, offered in the most delicate way; of the ruined gentleman who, manager in Lechat's service, is cruelly ordered, in the presence of witnesses, to take off his hat when speaking to his master,—two scenes in which all the possibilities of emotion, without sentimentalism, at the command of the theatre are concentrated to reach the public's heart. Through Lucien Garraud's entrance into the house, Germaine finally finds a conscience in which her own can take refuge, and soon their mutual love permits her the hope of a personal, independent, and honest existence. Impatient for this liberation, she urges her lover to take her away, to withdraw her from what the world calls honorable that she may live a life of honor. Now, on the very day when she succeeds in overcoming his hesitation to entrust their loves to the hazards of life, without other resources than his labor, Isidore Lechat receives a visit from his debtor, the Marquis de Porcellet, who comes to ask for a new loan. Lechat refuses. Ever since his arrival in the neighborhood he has planned to unite with Vauperdu the adjoining estate of Porcellet. To become its owner he has only to cause its seizure and sale, by virtue of the mortgages with which it is loaded for his profit. But another idea has come to

him, a matrimonial idea, and now he offers the marquis the inevitable alternative of losing his lands or giving his son, the young count, to the daughter of Isidore Lechat. The gentleman waxes indignant and trumpets with rare eloquence all the phrases on nobility that carry delight to the great brands of champagne or salt pork. Lechat, who knows enough history to be able to demonstrate to him—excellent parallel—that the origin of the great fortunes in the nobility is quite as unsavory as that of the great fortunes in finance, and that the high barons were none the better for being less useful than the high financiers, answers his haughty protests with the most tempting offers; he grants the loan requested, gives him a general release from indebtedness, lifts the Porcellet mortgages, and even throws into the wedding-basket the old family mansion in Paris, long since sold, but by a happy chance just put on the market again. On the other hand, nothing will be asked of the marquis, once he has given his consent, save to aid Lechat with his influence, both in a great business project (that of Phinck and Gruggh), and in the approaching election. But Isidore Lechat presents himself as anti-clerical, and the marquis surely cannot, against his faith, his religion. . . . . And here bursts forth, quite in its place in the discussion, one of the highest merits of the work. Here is set forth, in all its savory exactness and in full vigor of demonstration, the theory of the church in our day.

Let the marquis ask his father confessor if he can ally himself with Isidore Lechat, whose anti clericalism is only a label easily unglued, and the man of God will answer him that nothing can be more agreeable to the church. For the church—very modern—is of the same species as Isidore Lechat. Even more than he, it is the great brewer of business. Trafficking through its monks of every garb, it transforms and adapts itself according to the requirements of commerce and industry. No one understands progress better than this astonishing Mme. de la Ressource. And it is easy to believe that she prefers to march with the conquerors of the future, such as Lechat, rather than to drag along with the conquered of the past, such as the marquis. Church, nobility, finance,—at bottom they are one and the same world.

M. de Porcellet, dismounted from his high horses, not by the force of reasoning, but by the attractiveness of the offers, talks of opportunity for reflection. Lechat does not grant it, and on the spot summons his wife and daughter that the marquis may make his request. The emotion of the audience at this moment, the thrill of interest that passed through the public, shows the sovereign power of a dramatic art in which such situations are produced by the sheer logic of events and characters, without resort to any of the old devices. Never would all the painful preparations of the masters of stage-trickery have produced a greater effect than the entrance of Germaine. The marquis makes his request. The bewildered mother thanks him; the perfectly calm daughter refuses. She gives the reason of her refusal; she has a lover. The marquis, resuming his fine attitudes, can now take the door, in all his beauty. Lechat furiously threatens his daughter, who calls Garraud to her aid, and upon the two young people falls a shower of foul invective, which Germaine, restraining her lover, answers with a few just words. She may go away, without hope of ever receiving a sou from her father, but she may never again be seen in his house. A feeling of the tenderest maternity is awakened in Mme. Lechat by the loss of her daughter, perhaps through pity of herself. So great is her fear of being left alone in the great house. And she asks pardon of her fugitive child. Germaine, promising simply letters and meetings, goes away. No need of pointing out the quality of such scenes. But here is something finer still, something admirable:

Frightful emotion in the castle. Not because of this departure. It concerns another catastrophe, of a different order of cruelty. Xavier, Lechat's son, has just been killed in an automobile. His body is brought home. The father is overwhelmed. So fond was he of his *petit chauffeur!* Just then appear Phinck and Gruggh, who had come at first to dupe him and had been completely duped; now they see in his sorrow an opportunity for revenge. As they are under the necessity of leaving immediately, will he first sign the business agreement? Instantly this man who lay annihilated regains possession of himself. In a twinkling he perceives the swindle, and forces the swindlers, terrified by this reawakening, to sign a clause assuring to him all the advantages which they had aimed to take for themselves. With the document in his pocket he goes to receive the body of his child. Now he can abandon himself to sorrow, it is atrocious, but "Business is Business."

With this climax, summing up the author's thought with formidable energy, a sublime *coup de théâtre* that proves the title and the thesis, this tragedy of morals terminates. Isidore Lechat will remain the type of the business man of the beginning of the twentieth century. The manner of Octave Mirbeau, in its whetted modernism, has that breadth of touch, that brilliancy of coloration, that intensity of comic perception, and that unshrinking dramatic courage which mark the great classics. It is his honor, in this day of base flattery of the beloved public, when in the theatre as well as in the church business is business, that he makes use of the stage to say what he wishes. Let us admire his power to force people to listen to what he wishes to say.

Emmanuel Arène, of the "Figaro," says:

This is more than a piece; it is a work. It will be highly praised, and it may be sharply criticised, but it will leave nobody indifferent. Its success was of the intensest character, achieved before an audience which certainly did not share all the author's ideas, which at certain points even felt disturbed and in a way outraged, but which found itself in presence of a considerable effort, of a loyal and honest manifestation of art, and, above all, of a work of frankness and sincerity. Such a collection of qualities is very rare in the theatre. The boldest innovators, the most fiery polemics, when they approach the stage, leave willingly at the box-office a little of their literary, political, or social rigor. They prefer to confine themselves to the half-tints; business is business! To M. Octave Mirbeau must be done this justice and this homage,—that he has used the formula only as a title, not as an end. He has presented himself before the public as he is, with his bitterness, his harshness, and his vigorous and personal fashion of thinking things and saying them. The polemic appeared again in the dramatic author, and, as these three captivating acts unrolled and the very animated and even violent scenes, the clear and precise situations, the bitterly satirical witticisms, the sallies and the bits of repartee, multiplied, the public, surprised and charmed, felt itself transported into that healthy and noble atmosphere of battle which was so familiar to our elders and which is no longer that of the theatre of today.

And in conclusion I quote the high praise of no less a person than the poet-critic of the "Journal," Catulle Mendès:

This work, which has produced a considerable emotion, and whose success, very great from the first act, culminated in a veritable triumph, may very properly be called a "tragedy of morals." Even when it consents to the familiarities of minute observation, even when it is amusing, it offers the clashing of moral duels so great that there emanates from it a terror comparable to that of the ancient dramas; and by the imperturbable development of the characters even to their excess, even to the logical and true and necessary beyond themselves, it rises to the point of atrocity. Here the *fatum* is Money. Balzac modernizes Æschylus. . . . . The struggle between the two fathers is poignant, terrible, superb; it straightway rises to the most perilous heights of social problems. Without ceasing to be probable beings, very modern personalities, the noble and the financier, the former drawn up in the obstinate pride of the past, the latter freed by the sincerity of his ambition from the petty villainies of business men and increased in stature—his verbiage becoming eloquence—to a symbol of the rights of the present and future, hurl against each other, in one of the most superb intellectual conflicts ever seen in the theatre, the objections of two races, of two humanities; and here M. Octave Mirbeau, with a moderation that reveals a great serenity of thought, has given proof of such impartiality that, even at the moment when Isidore Lechat declares that the church, eternally industrious, prefers the powerful modern activity to the isolated recoil of idle aristocracies, no mind, unless filled with silly prejudices, could be shocked by this grave and ardent controversy; and for a moment it was possible to recall the great political scenes in which the great Corneille took pleasure in confronting the souls of history. . . . . A beautiful evening, in truth, in which, in the most illustrious theatre of the world, M. Octave Mirbeau, violent writer, of fiery inspiration, has, by a firm discipline of idea and art, revealed himself a great dramatic author.

And, to supplement the professional critics, here is Tolstoi:

I have been reading about Octave Mirbeau's new play. Here we have a truly dramatic situation. I rate this writer very highly. He reminds me of Maupassant. His is a bold, strong, and genuine talent, in which you feel the quality and the spirit of the Gaul. The French have not a little sentimentality and sensuality, but they also have vigorous, brilliant thinkers, who indeed guide and control the currents of Western thought and literary activity.

A Fair Sample of Communist Argument.

At least I suppose I may call it such, since it appeared first in "Freedom" and then in "Free Society," perhaps the best two journals that the Communists can offer in the English language:

As for Mr. Benjamin R. Liberty, his case has been diagnosed years ago—and declared hopeless. When the average man discovers a truth, he is a hard man to get along with; when he thinks he has discovered a truth and has not—he is impossible. Ben belongs to the latter genus. Long ago he discovered that "the only good Injun is a dead Injun," and the best way to make people peaceful is to hit them over the head with a club (voluntary, of course), the best way to abolish prisons is to call them houses of restraint; in short, he has discovered the best way to abolish a thing is to strengthen it—and change its name. Anarchism to him is a philosophy to be discussed after a sixty-cent dinner,* a cigar,† and a cup of coffee (why not velvet smoking-jackets and silk tea-gowns?), and I would warrant that the tenor of his articles depends entirely upon the state of his digestion.

Our Press Censorship.

["The Public."]

What may be the full effect of the recent decision of the appellate court of the District of Columbia in the second-class mail-matter cases is not quite certain. It is probable, however, that, until the question reaches the supreme court of the United States, the postmaster-general will be more of a press censor than ever. Some idea of the aggravating character of this censorship is given by Benjamin R. Tucker's "Liberty" for June, in an account of its own experience. Here is a paper which, having once possessed the second-class mailing right, lost it by suspension, and, upon resuming publication, was compelled to make a new application. Such an application should have been granted without delay or other annoyance, upon proof of the good faith of the publisher. But it was months after application before Mr. Tucker received his second-class license. Meantime a red-tape investigation slowly proceeded, which escaped being exasperating only because its details were so absurdly comical. The latest instance of totally unwarranted interference with legitimate second-class publications has to do with the Nebraska "Independent," of Lincoln. This is an established weekly paper, perhaps the most important and influential of the Populist press.

* For persons who have already thought and studied sufficiently to qualify them for serious discussion, I know of no better preparation for discussion of Anarchism than a sixty-cent dinner, unless it be a ten-dollar dinner.—EDITOR LIBERTY.

† A Benedictine for me, please, instead of the cigar.—EDITOR LIBERTY.

During the spring the editor conceived the idea of making of one of its regular issues a "Henry George edition," and this idea was carried out in May. The special issue differed from the others only in being devoted to a discussion, by many writers, of the Henry George idea. Yet the post-office department has taken steps which threaten the existence of the paper. As we have heretofore freely discussed this subject of the second-class postal censorship of the press, which is apparently designed especially to embarrass radical papers, it is not necessary to dwell upon these more recent instances of its operation; but this much at least should now be repeated, —that there is an increasing necessity for taking away from the post-office department, and reposing wholly in the courts, the question of the right, in individual cases, to second-class mail accommodations.

C. L. James's "Absolute" Nonsense.

To the Editor of Liberty:

Find enclosed one dollar, for which please send Liberty to my address for two years. Having seen your advertisement in the "Public," I thought that a dollar could not be better invested.

Is it a fact, as C. L. James claims, that the "formula of equal freedom" cannot be applied without violating the principle of which it is an expression? He maintains that two "absolute" freedoms are practicable, but that two equal freedoms are not.

Just why his logic should rage so over the use of the term equal, when applied to freedom, is not very clear to me. If both C. L. James and A. Isaak have absolute freedom, I cannot see why the employment of a mathematical term to express that fact would amount to its denial. If two absolutes are not equal, then one must be less than the other, in which case it would cease to be an absolute.

I do not see where James strengthens Anarchism by his rejections of the formula of equal freedom; on the contrary, I think he is rendering a great service to the cause of authority.

Authority smiles approval of all proposals leading to inequality, and to reject the formula of equal freedom, as C. L. James does, seems to me like trying to starve one's self to death through gluttony.

Yours, for equal freedom,

C. C. LICHTENBERGER.

A Method in Hearst's Morals.

[Rockland "Independent."]

So Willie Hearst has surprised all his friends and the world at large, and secured a position in society by getting married. You see, Willie couldn't stand such things in print about him as the following, from the Chicago "Public," of February 21: "But, unless he is without all sense of the eternal fitness of things, Mr. Hearst must know that no one who leads the life that he notoriously does can go before the people of this country as a presidential candidate without meeting overwhelming defeat and bringing humiliation and shame upon his party."

But now Willie has done the proper thing.—got married,—no reason why he shouldn't reign over a great republic. Such talk will now be all out of order. Reformed. Of course. So easy!

But, then, as the "Public" says, he has a political account to settle as well as a moral one.

That won't be so easy.

The Test of Civilization.

[Edward M. Shepard.]

How shall we test a civilization? Believe me, the crucial test is always to be found in the treatment of minorities. When a majority respects a minority, respects those who think differently, and those who believe differently, then you will find the highest civilization.

A Definition.

["Life."]

"Now that ye are one of them, tell me what a politician is."

"A politician is a feller that promises something that he can't do to git elected, and does something he promised not to do to hold his job."

An Anarchist Classic.

ON THE

Duty of Civil Disobedience.

By

HENRY D. THOREAU.

Price, Ten Cents.

Mailed, post-paid, by

BENJ. R. TUCKER, P. O. Box 1312, New York City.

A Chambermaid's Diary.

By OCTAVE MIRBEAU.

Translated from the French by BENJ. R. TUCKER.

A French chambermaid, who has served in the houses of the nobility, of professional people, and of the *bourgeoisie*, secures a position in a country-house, and there begins the keeping of her diary. In describing her daily experiences and the people about her, she is often reminded of episodes in her past, and thus, by frequent digressions, reviews her entire career. She mercilessly tears away the veils that conceal all sorts of crimes, foibles, prejudices, and fads in the various strata of society, so that her recital becomes a terrific social exposure, a grim social satire, crammed with humor, bitterness, and truth.

The author describes his book as filled with "the sadness that makes lofty souls laugh, the comicality that makes them weep."

A French critic declares that "the purpose of the work seems to be to show that nearly all the masters are low-lived wretches, and that nearly all the servants are as near like them as they know how to be."

The French original, published in August, 1900, has already reached its 130th edition.

A handsomely-printed volume of 460 pages.

Cloth, $1.25; paper, 50 cents.

Mailed post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publisher:

BENJ. R. TUCKER, P. O. Box 1312, New York City.

INSTEAD OF A BOOK:

BY A MAN TOO BUSY TO WRITE ONE.

A FRAGMENTARY EXPOSITION OF

PHILOSOPHICAL ANARCHISM.

Culled from the Writings of

BENJ. R. TUCKER,

EDITOR OF LIBERTY.

With a Full-Page Half-Tone Portrait of the Author.

A large, well-printed, and excessively cheap volume of 524 pages, consisting of articles selected from Liberty and classified under the following headings: (1) State Socialism and Anarchism: How Far They Agree, and Wherein They Differ; (2) The Individual, Society, and the State; (3) Money and Interest; (4) Land and Rent; (5) Socialism; (6) Communism; (7) Methods; (8) Miscellaneous. The whole elaborately indexed.

Cloth, One Dollar; Paper, Fifty Cents.

Mailed, post-paid, by the Publisher,

BENJ. R. TUCKER, Box 1312, New York City.

LIBERTY'S LIBRARY.

For any of the following Works, address,
Benj. R. Tucker, Box 1312, New York.

GOD AND THE STATE. "One of the most eloquent pleas for liberty ever written. Paine's 'Age of Reason' and 'Rights of Man' consolidated and improved. It stirs the pulse like a trumpet call." By Michael Bakounine. Translated from the French by Benj. R. Tucker. 52 pages. Price, 5 cents.

FREE POLITICAL INSTITUTIONS: Their Nature, Essence, and Maintenance. An abridgment and rearrangement of Lysander Spooner's "Trial by Jury." Edited by Victor Yarros. 47 pages. Price, 25 cents.

A POLITICIAN IN SIGHT OF HAVEN. Being a protest against government of man by man. By Auberon Herbert. Price, 10 cents.

SOCIALISTIC, COMMUNISTIC, MUTUALISTIC, and Financial Fragments. By William B. Greene. Price, $1.25.

THE UNCONSTITUTIONALITY OF THE LAWS of Congress Prohibiting Private Mails. By Lysander Spooner. 24 pages. Price, 10 cents.

NO TREASON.—No. II. By Lysander Spooner. 16 pages. Price, 15 cents.

NO TREASON.—No. VI. Showing that the constitution is of no authority. By Lysander Spooner. 59 pages. Price, 25 cents.

THE BALLAD OF READING GAOL. By C. 3. 3. (Oscar Wilde). A poem of more than 600 lines, dedicated to the memory of a trooper of the Horse Guards who was hanged in Reading Gaol during the poet's confinement there. An English classic. The cloth edition has covers of blue and vellum, and is beautifully printed from large type on hand-made antique deckle-edge paper. 96 pages. Price, cloth, $1.00; paper, 10 cents.

THE BALLOT. By William Walstein Gordak. A short poem illustrating the absurdity of majority rule. An excellent leaflet for propagandism. 100 copies, 10 cents.

THE ATTITUDE OF ANARCHISM

TOWARD

INDUSTRIAL COMBINATIONS.

BY

BENJ. R. TUCKER.

An address delivered in Central Music Hall, Chicago, on September 14, 1899, before the Conference on Trusts held under the auspices of the Civic Federation.

Price, Five Cents; 100 Copies, $3.00.

Mailed, post-paid, by the Publisher,

BENJ. R. TUCKER, P. O. Box 1312, New York City.

"Read the vital words of this woman."
—The Conservator.

WHITMAN'S IDEAL DEMOCRACY, AND OTHER WRITINGS.

BY

HELENA BORN.

These essays treat not alone of the poets of revolt, but discuss, from the Anarchist point of view, economic questions of the day, such as the ethics of strikes and labor unions, individualism and organization, marriage and sex problems.

"A radical individualist."—*Chicago Evening Post.*
"In these essays one comes in touch with a rare spirit."—*Boston Herald.*"
"Fine examples of serious writing."—*The Socialist Spirit.*

A simple volume, beautifully printed.
Sq. 12mo, boards, $1.00.

Copies for sale by
HELEN TUFTS, 4 Park Street, Boston, Mass.

What is Anarchism?

An explanation by Stephen T. Byington. 5 copies for 2 cents, 50 for 10 cents, 150 for 25 cents, 750 for $1. Postage paid. Address S. T. Byington, 70 Otis St., East Cambridge, Mass.

LANGUAGES

Printing Company

114 FIFTH AV., NEW YORK

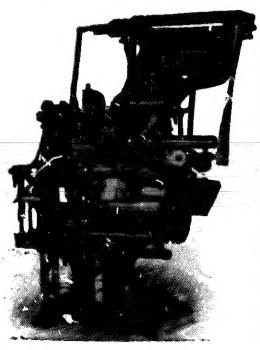
Telephone, 6185 18th Street

Quality
Quantity
Promptness
Speed

French
German
Spanish
Italian

Books
Magazines
Directories
Catalogs

Greek
Latin
Hebrew
Russian



Jobs from One Slug to Millions

Special Delivery throughout New York

Portuguese
Swedish
Hungarian
Polish

Translating
Editing
Plates
Presswork

LINOTYPE & HAND COMPOSITION

Scientific and Technical Works
Examination Papers
Grammars, Dictionaries

A NEW SYSTEM OF BOOKS

The Ideophonic Texts
for
Acquiring Languages

Edited by

ROBERT MORRIS PIERCE

The Ideophonic Texts are designed to furnish abundant material for forming those myriad associations of mental and organic processes which constitute the acquisition of languages. The *ideas* are presented by means of the native language of the student, and the *sounds* of the foreign language by means of the Universal Alphabet of the International Phonetic Association, as shown in the reduced facsimiles below.

German Texts for English Readers

SCHILLER'S WILHELM TELL Act 1. Four parallel texts, as shown in the following reduced facsimile of two facing pages. Editorial Critic: **George Hempl** Professor of English Philology and General Linguistics in the University of Michigan. 26 + 239 octavo pages. Cloth. $1.00 postpaid to any part of the world.

SCHILLER'S WILHELM TELL Act 2. Same arrangement as that of Act 1. Editorial Critic: **George Hempl.** Cloth. $1.0c. *(Partly prepared.)*

French Texts for English Readers

LUDOVIC HALÉVY'S L'ABBÉ CONSTANTIN Part 1. Four parallel texts, similar in arrangement to those shown above. Editorial Critic: **Paul Passy** Editor of "Le Maître Phonétique." Cloth. $1.00. *(Preparation arranged for.)*

Greek Texts for English Readers

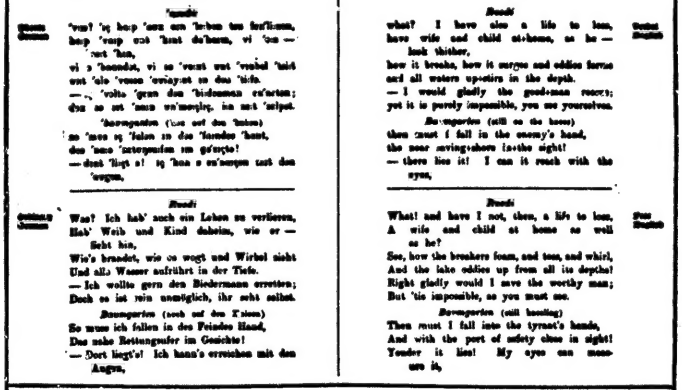
XENOPHON'S ANABASIS Book 1. Four parallel texts, similar in arrangement to those mentioned above. In the phonic text the attempt is made to represent the actual Athenian pronunciation of the time of Xenophon. Consulting Editor: **George Hempl.** Cloth. $1.00. *(Partly prepared.)*

The issuance of the three volumes last mentioned will depend somewhat on the number of the advance orders received for them. Other Series are contemplated, as of Anglo-Saxon, Chinese, Hebrew, Italian, Japanese, Latin, Russian, Sanskrit, and Spanish Texts for English Readers; as well as Series for other than English readers, as French Texts for German Readers and English Texts for French Readers.

John Locke:
"And to make the reading and understanding of it the less tedious and difficult to him, let him help himself if he please with the English Translation. Nor let the Objection that he will then know it only by rote, fright any one. This, when well consider'd, is not of any Moment against, but plainly for this Way of learning a Language. For Languages are only to be learned by rote."

Edmond Demolins:
"In short, the only practical and rapid way of learning a language is to store in the memory as many words and phrases as possible. By the time a pupil has read and understood — which is easy with a translation — twelve or fifteen volumes of Latin, he knows Latin."

FACING PAGES OF "TELL"



Henry Sweet:
"Phonetics is almost as old as civilization itself... It is the unphonetic, not the phonetic methods that are an innovation."

Paul Passy:
"I was disagreeably surprised to observe that in American schools, as almost everywhere in France, they make use, from the very start, of the German characters, so embarrassing to beginners, and which there is every advantage in not taking up till later on."

Benjamin Ide Wheeler:
"Words are not words without context, motive, and life."

The Study of Modern Languages in Boston, Mass.

(From *Le Maître Phonétique* for March, 1901)

The publication of the Ideophonic Texts for Acquiring Languages . . . shows a zeal at once rare and determined in the teaching of languages by the phonetic method. On the two facing pages appear four parallel texts of the subject-matter: a phonic foreign text, an ordinary foreign text, a word-for-word rendering of the text, and a free rendering of the text. The sounds of any language are taught by means of the alphabet of the International Phonetic Association. Students of phonetic systems are to be congratulated that the editor has not followed the usual custom of inventing a new system which they have to practice on before really starting in.

October, 1900 JAMES GEDDES, Professor of Romance Languages in the University of Boston

UNIVERSAL ALPHABET

In this table, the letters representing the *voiceless* sounds, that is, the sounds produced without vibration of the vocal cords, are enclosed in curves ( ).

ORGANS	Lips	Gums	Palate	Veil	Uvula	Throat
Wholly closed, then opened	b(p)	d(t)	ɟ(c)	g(k) ɑ(q)		(ʔ)
Nose passage open	m(m̥)	n(n̥)	ɲ(ɲ̊)	ŋ(ŋ̊)		
Open at sides (of tongue) only		l(l̥)	ʎ(ʎ̊)	ʟ(l̥)		
Trilled		r(r̥)			ʀ(ʀ̥)	ɢ
So close as to produce friction	v(f) ɣ(f)	z(s) ʒ(ʃ) ð(θ) ɹ(ɹ̊)		ɰ(ɰ̊)		ʕ(ʜ) (h)
	Rounded		ɥ(ɥ̊)	ʍ(ʍ)		
			j(ç)	ɣ(x)		
Very close			ʏ ɨ ʉ			
	Rounded		y ɪ u			
Close			ɪ ʊ			
	Rounded		ʏ ʊ			
Half close			ø ɵ ɤ			
	Rounded		e o ɣ			
Half open			ɒ ɜ ɔ			
	Rounded		ɛ ɑ ʌ			
Open			æ ɑ			
Very open			a ɑ			

ː denotes that the *preceding* sound is relatively *long*
ˑ denotes that the sounds just *after* it are relatively *loud*.
‿ denotes that the sound under it is *nasal*, or produced with the passage from throat to nose open.

[ ] denotes that the *pitch* of the enclosed sounds is *high*.
[ ] denotes that the *pitch* of the enclosed sounds is *low*.
/ denotes that the *pitch* of the preceding sounds *rises*.
\ denotes that the *pitch* of the preceding sounds *falls*.

For WHAT
Remarkable

For Its Fundamental Principle
that languages are to be learned quite as much by Practice as by Theory: that *ideas* and *sounds*, to become sufficiently *associated* in the mind — in the right combinations — *over*, and *over*, and *over again*.

For Its System of Phonic Notation,
the Universal Alphabet of "*Le Maître Phonétique*," a journal circulated in 35 different countries. This alphabet has already been applied to about 200 languages and dialects, and bids fair to come into world-wide popular use. *After one language has been learned by it, other languages are much easier to learn.*

For Its Four Parallel Texts
always in sight, three of them corresponding, *line for line*, and *word for word*: thus securing *perfect ease of reference*. Each text is, however, *distinct* from the others: thus enabling the student to pin his attention exclusively and continuously on any one of them he may choose.

For Its Phonic German Text
giving the *exact pronunciation and stress* of each word as spoken *in the particular context in which it occurs*. Pronunciations as commonly given in text-books, grammars and dictionaries, are not only few in number and inexact, but arbitrary: *fitted to no particular context*.

For Its Ordinary German Text
corresponding *line for line* and *word for word* with the phonic German text, and printed in large, clear roman type.

For Its Verbal English Text,
a word-for-word rendering, corresponding *line for line* with the ordinary German and phonic German texts: enabling the student or instructor to find at a glance *the literal meaning of each word in the particular context in which it occurs*.

For Its Free English Text
giving *the general idea and spirit* of the German, and often a literal rendering of the lines.

For WHOM
Designed

For All Students of German,
whether having private or class instruction, or studying by themselves only, who wish to *start right*, not start wrong, to be *continuously helped and corrected*, not continuously hindered and led astray, to proceed *rapidly*, not at a snail's pace, and to try the theory that *practice makes perfect*.

For All Teachers of German
(*whether teaching "Tell" or not*) who know that German can be acquired only by covering *an enormous amount of ground*; and who know, therefore, that their duty is to furnish their pupils with the most refined and powerful instruments for self-instruction which can be obtained. If not adopted as a regular text-book, this volume may be used as a *supplementary* text.

For All Students whose Pronunciation is Bad:
and the pronunciation of English-speaking students *is apt to be very bad*.

For All Teachers who are Uncertain as to Pronunciation
or rendering, or who have a local or imperfect pronunciation, and *who want standard guides*, such as the phonic text and the word-for-word rendering *for their own use* at home or in the class.

For All Students who Read Aloud:
and should students not read aloud more or less: in class and out?

For All Teachers of German Phonology
who now confine their teaching to mere elementary theory, for lack of *accurate and practical texts* on which to set students to work finding things out for themselves.

For All Students of General Phonetics and Philology,
who are interested in the structure of the German language.

HINDS & NOBLE, Publishers
31-33-35 West Fifteenth Street, New York, U.S.A.